

ROCK AND ROLLO



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COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

No 14

ROCK AND ROLLO

AND

10¢

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION



FRANK
JOHNSON



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ROCK AND ROLLO

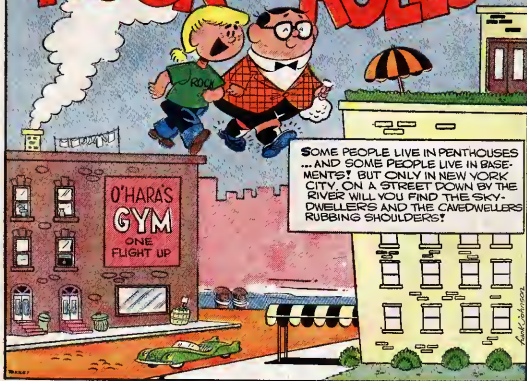


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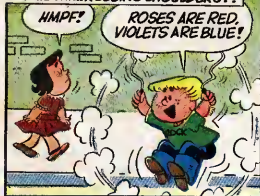
Pat Masulli Executive Editor

HOW

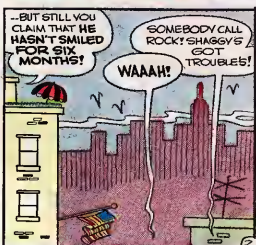
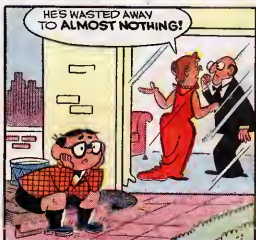
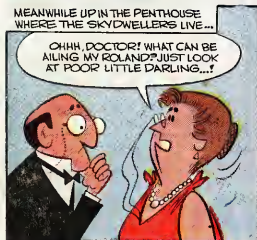
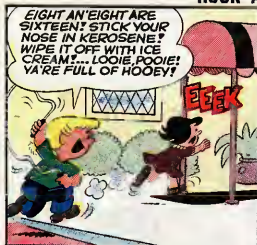
ROCK MET ROLLO



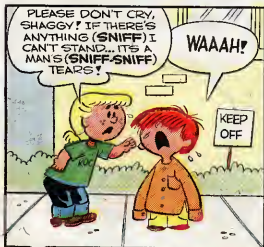
DID WE SAY... RUBBING SHOULDERS??



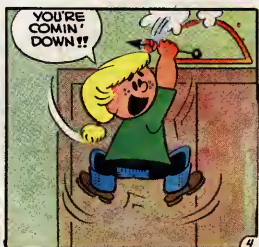
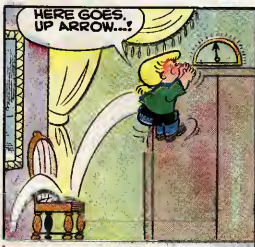
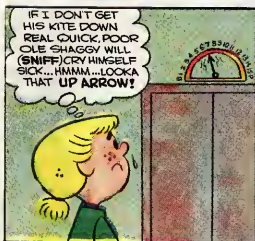
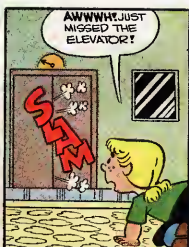
ROCK AND ROLLO



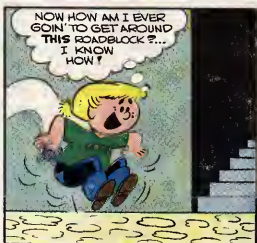
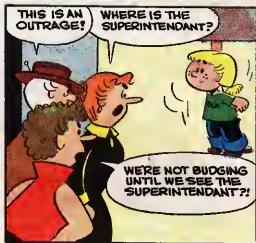
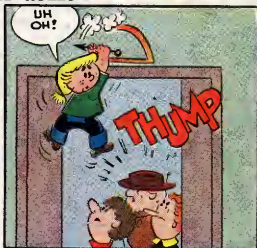
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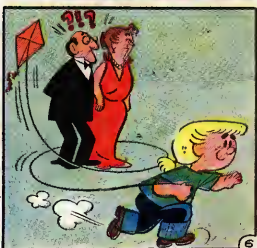
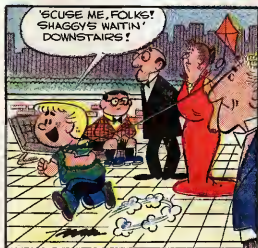
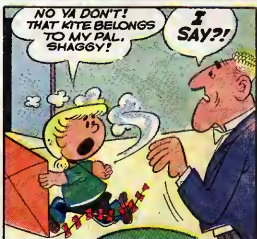
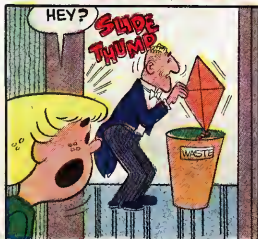
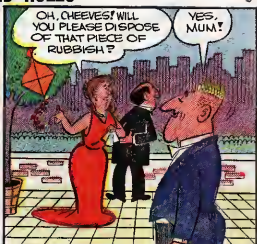
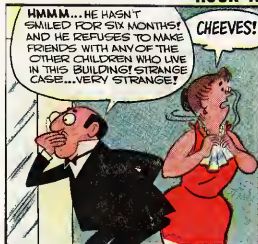
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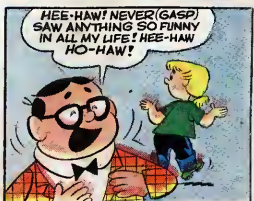
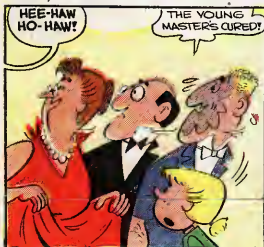
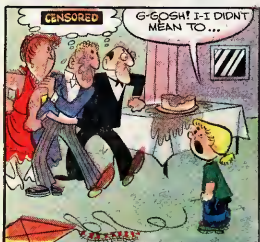
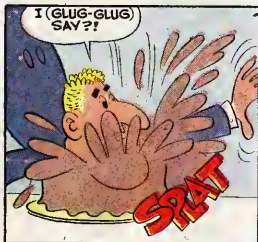
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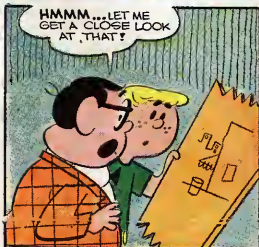
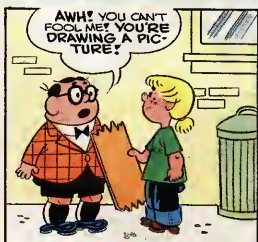
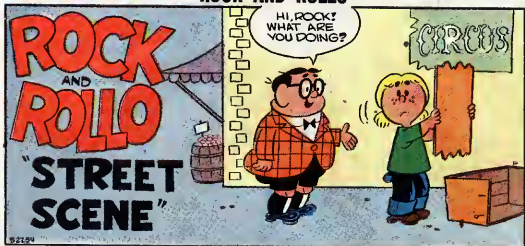
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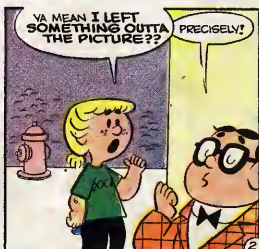
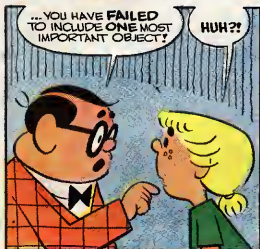
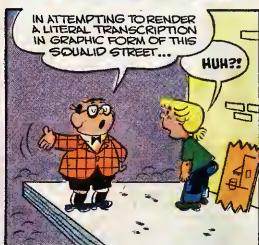
AND SO THAT, IS HOW ROCK AND ROLLO (YOU DIDN'T EXPECT HER TO CALL HIM ROLAND, DID YOU?) MET!! AND THIS...IS ONLY THE BEGINNING!

END

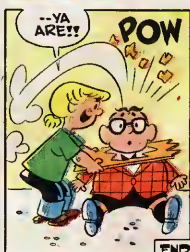
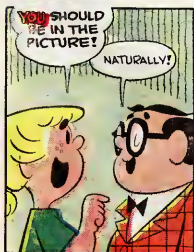
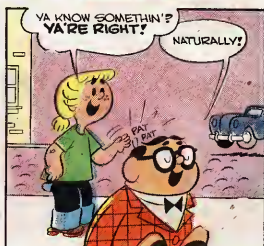
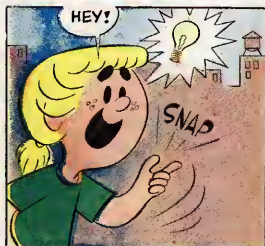
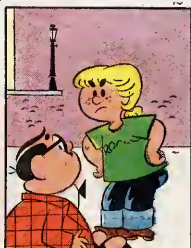
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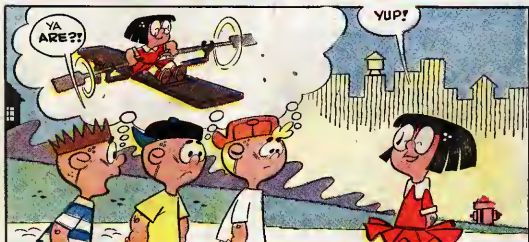


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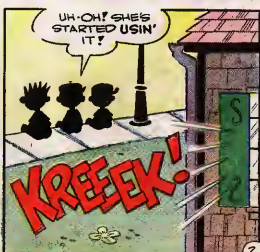
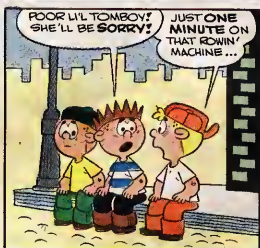
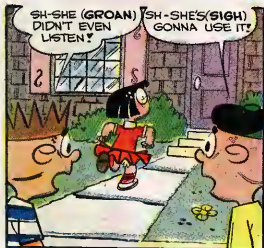


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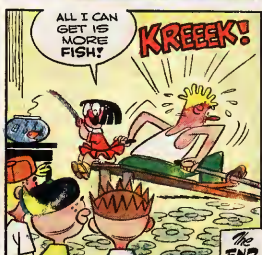
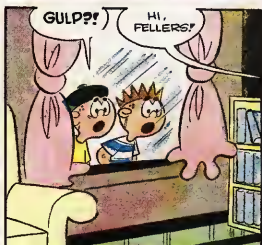




ROCK AND ROLLO



ROCK AND ROLLO



LIKE WATER OFF A DUCK'S BACK

THE story was going all through school like a hurricane. The only trouble was that every time I heard it, it was different. That can be annoying, especially when the first two fellows in my life were the main characters of the story. So, after school, I met Barbara, my best chum, in our usual meeting place, and we walked over to where we knew Teddy and Richy always met. She was as interested as I was in getting the facts straight.

We waited for about three-quarters of an hour, and when we were just about ready to give up and go home, Teddy and Richy finally came out of the high school building. Richy's chest was way out with pride, and Teddy's eyes were rounder than basketballs, and almost as big. This only heightened our curiosity, because the one thing constant about all the stories Babs and I had heard, was that Richy was in plenty of trouble, and had been called down to the office of Mr. Bradford, the principal, for a real lecture, and possibly even a suspension.

We couldn't wait till the boys reached us, so we met them half-way, made Richy stop his story right at what Teddy called the good part, and start all over again.

It seems that Richy's Uncle Ichabod had given him a pair of red, green, and yellow-striped ear-muffs for Christmas, and that today

was the first day that he had worked up enough nerve to wear them. He was a little late in meeting Teddy that morning, as he was in doubt about wearing them, 'til almost the last minute. Teddy had gone on ahead, to school, thinking that maybe Richy was home with a cold. So it wasn't until Lunch Period that Teddy saw the earmuffs. After Teddy regained his power of speech (believe me, the sight of those earmuffs was enough to scare anyone), he asked Richy about them. Richy didn't hear Teddy's question with the ear-muffs on, and Teddy had to shout it three or four times before he did. So, Richy explained about his Uncle Ichabod, who was his grandfather's eccentric brother, and how his mother, out of respect for Uncle's age, insisted that Richy must wear them at least once. Today was a mighty cold day, and Richy decided to take the plunge and wear them.

Teddy said that he felt awfully sorry for poor Richard . . . SORRY! . . . SORRY!! And finally, after Ted had lowered his voice to a gentle shout, Richy understood him. It seemed to Ted, that with all the difficulty Richy had in hearing what he said, the ear-muffs must be awfully thick and warm, and asked if he could try them on . . . TRY THEM ON! TRY THEM ON!!

Richy handed them over to Ted, and while Ted adjusted them, Richy asked him if he had done the Math homework . . . MATH, NOT

BATH!! Teddy said that he couldn't even figure out what kind of problem it was, much less solve it. That made Richy all the more outraged, because Ted is one of the best Math students in class. So after grumbling to himself for a few minutes, he added, "Miss Parabola, the Math teacher, is an old duck."

Teddy asked Rich what he had said, and Richy yelled, "*MISS PARABOLO, THE MATH TEACHER, IS AN OLD DUCK!!*"

At this point of their conversation, Miss Parabola rounded the corner, stormed up to the boys, looked straight in Richy's eyes and demanded, "Richard Richardson, did I hear you call me an old duck?"

Richy stuttered and stammered, and finally managed a trembling "Yes! Ma'am, and I'm sorry. It's just that . . ."

"No explanations, no excuses, no ifs, ands, or buts, young man! You're coming with me to Mr. Bradford's office!"

Teddy handed Richy the trouble-causing earmuffs, shook his hand, bade him a fond farewell, and watched Richy advancing toward a fate worse than death. Miss Parabola and Mr. Bradford on one side, and poor, helpless Richy on the other. So young, too!

In less than a few minutes, the condemned man and his captor had walked the last mile to the Office of the Principal.

As they entered, Mr. Bradford quickly brushed away his copy of "Pin-Up Girls of 1947," slamming his finger in the drawer in his haste to cover up. Miss Parabola pretended not to notice, and Richy was too scared to.

So, Bradford, the Omnipotent tried to maintain his dignity, and the trial began. Maybe "trial" isn't the right word, for the testimony was entirely one-sided. Poor Richy didn't have a chance to slip in a word in his defense, even if he had had the strength to.

Mr. Bradford listened gravely to Miss P.'s story, looked sternly at the prisoner, and launched into a tirade — telling Richy that the young men of today had no respect for age (he could have skipped that part; Richy's father had already covered the subject quite thoroughly). Then, Mr. Bradford started a dissertation on the fact that it was horrible, almost high treason, to call a teacher an old duck. He spoke on this theme for about a half hour. Perhaps the whole incident would have seemed a good deal more serious to Richy if Mr. Bradford hadn't had his sore finger in his mouth all the while he spoke. Richy listened and listened, trying not to smile, but, his sense of humor got the best of him.

So, when the principal had finished telling him not to call a teacher a duck, Richy asked if it was alright to call a duck "Teacher."

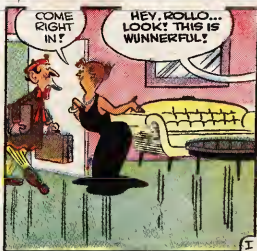
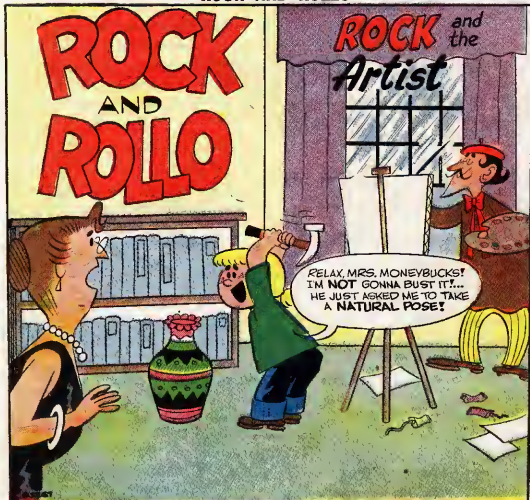
Mr. Bradford looked a little surprised at this, and said that although he saw no reason for calling a duck "Teacher," he supposed that that was alright.

Richy then turned on his heel, and as he left the office, smiled at Miss Parabola, and said,

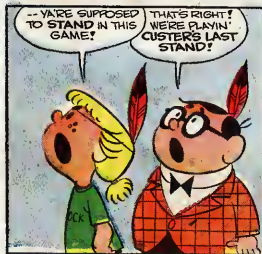
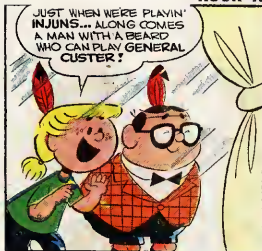
"Well, good-bye, Teacher!"

That's the way the story went, straight from the mouth of the hero. And Richy says that harrowing experiences, like that one, roll off him like water off a duck's back!!

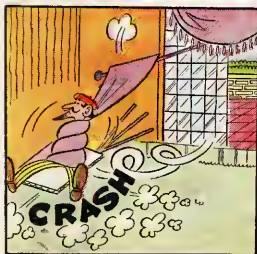
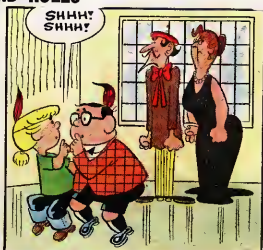
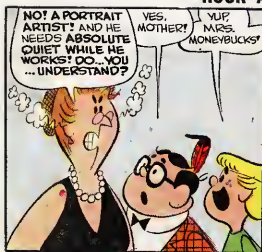
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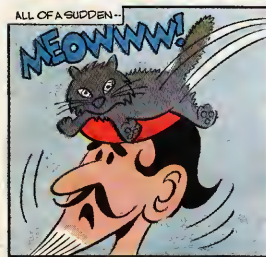
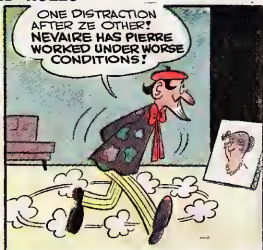
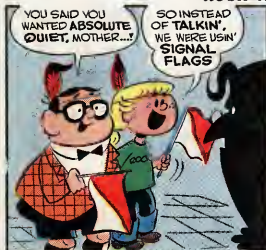
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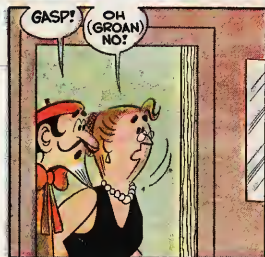
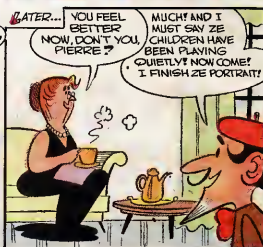
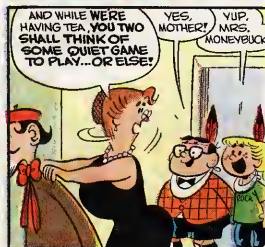
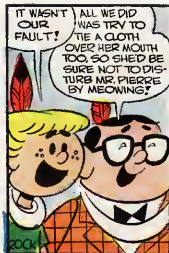
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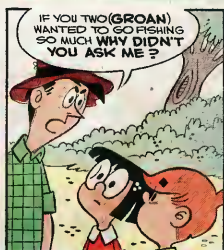
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L'il Rascal TWINS

ROCK AND ROLLO

WHY DIDN'T YOU ASK ME?

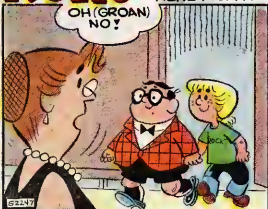


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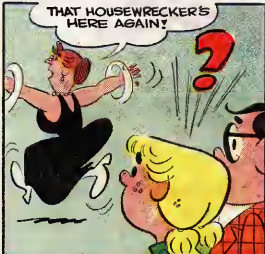
"THAT
HOUSEWRECKER'S
HERE AGAIN"

Rock and
Rollo

OH (GROAN)
NO!



THAT HOUSEWRECKER'S
HERE AGAIN!



WHEN SHE WAS
HERE THURSDAY,
SHE BROKE TWO
VASES AND THREE
PLATES!



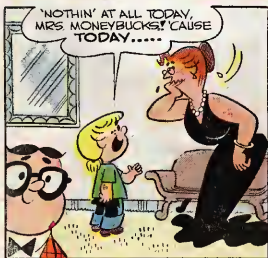
YESTERDAY SHE
BROKE FOUR LAMPS
AND FIVE CUPS!



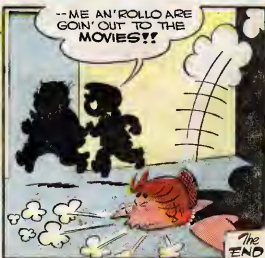
WHAT WILL SHE
(SHUDDER) BREAK
TODAY??



'NOTHIN' AT ALL TODAY,
MRS. MONEYBUCKS! 'CAUSE
TODAY.....



--ME AN' ROLLO ARE
GOIN' OUT TO THE
MOVIES!!



The
END

ROCK AND ROLLO

Lil' Genius

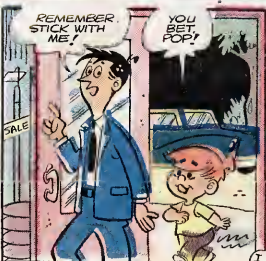
in

'CEMENT MIXER'

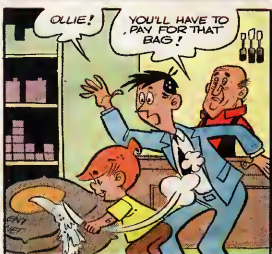
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WHERE YA GOIN' POP?

I'M GOING TO BLIV SOME CEMENT FOR THE PATIO!



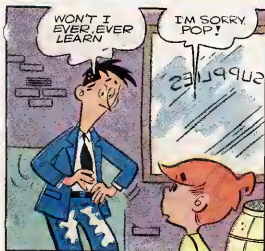
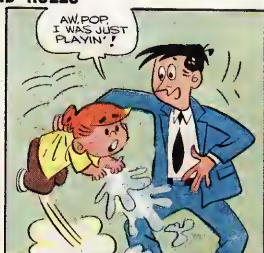
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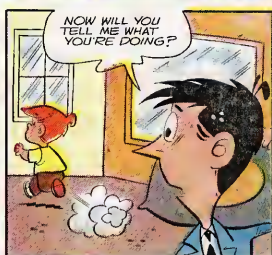
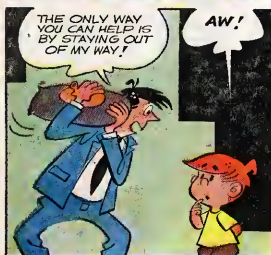
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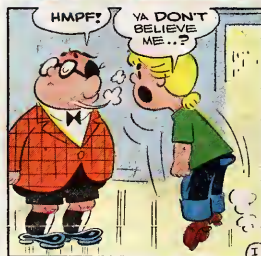
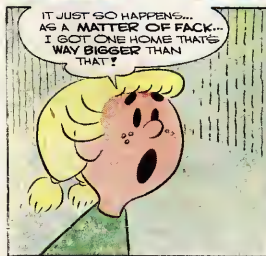
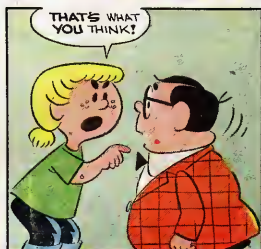
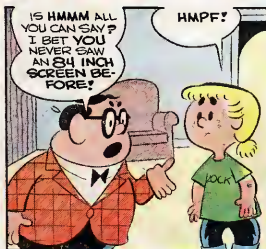
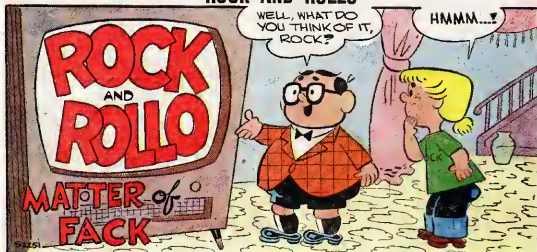


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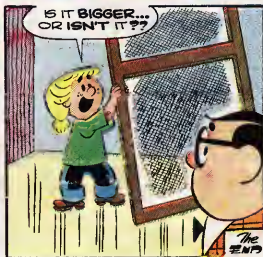
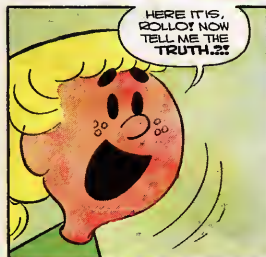
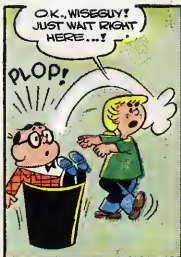
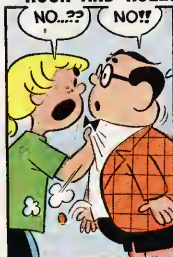


THE END

ROCK AND ROLLO

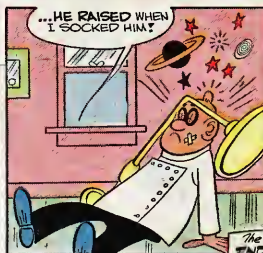
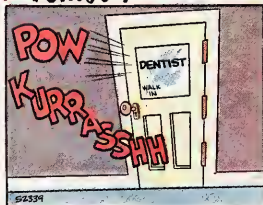


ROCK AND ROLLO

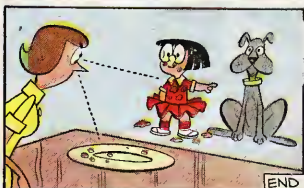


ROCK AND ROLLO

Lil' Tomboy IN "YOU SAID HE WAS PAINLESS"



ROCK AND ROLLO



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With Bosun's Whistle and Key Chain

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Rock and Rollo

IN "COME AGAIN"

